

THE LITERARY GAZETTE:

OR,

Journal of Criticism, Science, and the Arts.

BEING A THIRD SERIES OF THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1821.

No. 36.

Fifth Report of the Directors of the American Asylum at Hartford, for the Education and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. May 12th 1821.

"In April 1815, the first steps were taken towards the establishment of an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb in this country. A little girl, who had lost her hearing by sickness when about two years of age and consequently her power of speech, the daughter of a respectable physician of this city, became the means, under providence, of exciting an interest on this subject, in the minds of a few benevolent individuals. The funds which they raised in order to procure from Europe, the necessary experience in this difficult department of education, opened the way for the commencement of the course of instruction in April 1817. It began in a hired house in this city with seven pupils. The donations, which were from time to time generously afforded, in various parts of our country, gradually enabled the directors of the Asylum, to enlarge the sphere of its usefulness, by the employment of additional teachers, and by making the annual charge to each pupil considerably less, than the actual expense incurred by the institution. Present benefit, however, to a limited number of the Deaf and Dumb, did not seem to be compatible with what was due to the whole of this unfortunate class of our fellow beings, and to the community at large, who might reasonably expect, as this infant establishment made progress, that it should be placed on a broader and more permanent foundation. Hence originated the plan of purchasing, at a convenient distance from the city, ground sufficient for the erection of a suitable building, and for the other purposes of the institution. Such a building is at length completed, and in April of the present year, the pupils were removed to it. This has all been accomplished in the short period of six years, two of which were spent

in making the necessary preparations to have the course of instruction commence under favourable auspices. So successful a progress demands from all who feel interested in the welfare of the Deaf and Dumb, the liveliest emotions of gratitude to that superintending providence who has thus fostered an institution, the first steps of establishing which inspired but faint hopes of so speedy an extension of its means of usefulness.

"To place the institution on such a foundation as to make it adequate to the wants of, at least, the northern section of our country, and at the same time to meet the applications of such individuals in the western and southern parts of the United States as might wish to enjoy its benefits, has always seemed to the directors an object, the accomplishment of which, whatever temporary obstacles it might encounter in its prosecution, would eventually deserve the approbation of all candid and enlightened minds. Schools for the Deaf and Dumb cannot exist without a sufficient number of pupils, not only to justify the expense of establishing and continuing them, but also of concentrating the interest, which those individuals must feel, and the efforts, which they must make, who are engaged in their instruction. No one should undertake the education of the Deaf and Dumb, who has not been trained to it by a long and intimate acquaintance with them. This is necessary for a teacher in order to become familiar with the singular peculiarities of their minds and characters, to learn all their various modes of expressing their ideas by the natural signs, which they themselves have invented; and to gain that simplicity of thought in the communication of knowledge to such uncultivated minds, and that versatility of manner in his intercourse with them, which will be accommodated to the different aspects, under which their native genius, or acquired habits, may present them-

selves. In addition to all this he should make himself master of that methodical system of signs, which the combined talents and experience of European instructors have been for years maturing. How are the teachers of the Deaf and Dumb to become thus qualified? It must be by bringing them together, as well as their pupils, at one institution, which from its size and numbers will furnish the opportunities and the means necessary for this purpose. Besides it would not be difficult to show, that even on the mere ground of economy, it is much less expensive to assemble this class of our fellow citizens at one establishment well endowed, and well provided with all the resources of accommodation and instruction, than to distribute them in smaller, and of necessity, far less advantageous establishments throughout the community. The ultimate good of the Deaf and Dumb, then, is the great object which the directors of the Asylum have kept in view, in the prosecution of their plans with regard to its enlargement and establishment on its present foundation. In doing this it is possible that in the opinion of some, too great a price has been required for board and tuition, or that expenses have been incurred which might have been spared. But they content themselves with the belief, that no one who considers the present situation of the Asylum, with regard to the means of its future usefulness, will have reason to regret the temporary annual expense to its pupils, in the appropriation which has been made of its funds. This appropriation has enabled the directors in the period of four years from its actual establishment, to reduce its charge for each pupil, to 150 dollars per annum; to provide a very commodious building, with extensive and pleasant grounds for the accommodation of the pupils; to support six instructors, some of whom are already masters of the system of educating the Deaf and Dumb, while the rest are en-

joying every facility of speedily attaining the same degree of proficiency in their profession; and to employ a superintendent and his lady to direct and manage the domestic concerns of so large and interesting a collection of those, who of all mankind are probably the most helpless, and the most dependant for assistance and instruction upon the kindness of others. Nor in doing this have the directors altogether neglected the distribution of such charitable aid, as the state of their funds would permit, to such individuals as might seem to be placed in circumstances peculiarly demanding it. About three thousand two hundred dollars of the grant made by the legislature of Connecticut to the Asylum, have already been expended upon the education and support of indigent pupils from this state; and nearly six hundred dollars of other donations have been distributed at different times for the relief of the pressing exigencies of some pupils, who have belonged to other states of the Union. A considerable debt, too, has been incurred for the purchase of the grounds, and the erection of the buildings for the use of the Asylum. To cancel this, however, and to meet the future current expenses of the establishment, the directors look forward with encouragement to the avails of the lands, which were granted by the liberality of Congress to the Asylum. The perseverance and fidelity of their agent, who is now prosecuting the location and sale of these lands in the state of Alabama, afford a reasonable prospect, that what is eventually derived from them, will enable the directors of the Asylum to extend the sphere of its charity, and to fix its actual charge to those parents who pay for the education of their children, at such a rate, as to render it as extensively useful, as any establishment of this kind can ever hope to be.

"The mode of conducting the intellectual and religious instruction of the pupils, has been so fully detailed in the preceding reports, that it is unnecessary to give any additional account of it in this. The specimens of original composition annexed to the report, will furnish those who may not have had an opportunity of witnessing the actual progress of the pupils in the school

rooms, or at their public exhibitions, with the best means of judging what advances they have made during the last year in the acquisition of language. The singular preservation of the lives and health of all the pupils, who have been connected with the Asylum ever since its establishment, again demands the most grateful acknowledgments to Almighty God for this continued proof of his tender watchfulness over them.

"There is some reason to hope that a few of the more advanced pupils, during the last year, have felt the force of divine truth upon their minds and hearts, and have experienced the saving influences of that Spirit of Grace which can alone render both them and us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. It has been the aim of the instructors to present the doctrines of the gospel in their native simplicity to the minds of the pupils, and the moral effect of this instruction upon the general dispositions and deportment of the Deaf and Dumb, furnishes another satisfactory evidence, if indeed any such were wanting, that no motives are so powerful and efficacious in the government and education of youth, as those which are derived from the precepts of Him, 'who spake as never man spake.' Still may the prayers of all who feel interested in the affairs of the Asylum ascend to the Father of mercies, that it may become under the blessing of his grace, the means of gathering all the lambs of the flock, which are entrusted to its care, into the fold of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls.

"In the name of the Directors,

"T. C. PERKINS, Clerk."

The report is followed by specimens of composition by the pupils. They are very curious as exhibiting the progress of intelligence in their minds, under the influence of the admirable scheme of instruction devised for their advantage. The first, subjoined, is said to be by a boy that was sent from Cincinnati, where a subscription was made for his benefit by a number of benevolent ladies. He was perfectly savage in habits and disposition when brought to the school, the consequence of being excluded from all advantages of education. Less than three years have been sufficient, under careful tuition, to humanize and inform his

mind, so as to make him fit for performing a useful part in life.

"By a lad sixteen years old, who has been in the Asylum two years and ten months.

"Hartford, March 28th 1821.

"When I was an ignorant boy, I was many rogues in C—. I did not know God and Jesus christ. I did not learn the bible and I did not learn and write in School of C—. I disliked at the church on the sabbath of C—. Formerly I twice went to the church of Episcopal in C—. When I was a very astray and ramble boy and I stole many apples, peaches and pears of the farmers trees—The boys played with me in the woods and their dogs which pursued the rabbits. The boys and I were very tired, because we ran and caught the rabbits—We left the woods and we went to the city. my mother sent me to cut the woods then I obstinated against my mother—My sister asked me to carry the water from the well of pump. I did not wish to carry of the water. The benefactresses of ladies were very pity me who I did not know God and Jesus christ. The ladies thought B must go to the asylum. In the morning my friend and I departed from my mother and friends. We left from the city and my friend rode in the woods. Before the evening we could not see the road of the ground. In the evening of darkness we rode on back horse during one or two hours. We dismounted from the horses back. We stood on the ground. We slept on the ground and leaves during night. In the morning we rose from the ground. We rode on the horses back again and we found the roads. We discovered the house and my friend asked the farmer, if we shall have eaten the bread and ham in the morning—We left the horses and we walked through the cities. The master of his stage which we rode and rested ourselves seats. The master has four horses which were very strong. The horse dragged from the stage and my friend and the passages in the stage. The whiffle tree was broken by the strong horses which have exerted of running slowly up the hill. We arrived at the hotel in the night. In the morning my friend and the passages were crowded in the stage which I stood on the trunk before

the passages. We arrived at Hartford and the master went to the hotel at noon. I was a bold boy who I curious about the city. We arrived at the asylum and I met Mr. G. talked with me by making signs. I improved in spelling of my alphabets. I went to the school and I did not sit on the bench which I stood on the stool and I wrote on the slate. I did not know God and Jesus christ. I did not know many words, that I copied some words at the slate. Mr. O. taught me, but I did not know all words with making signs. I began to learn the words by making signs. I did not know God and Jesus christ—I was a very roguish boy who I disobeyed against Mr. O. A several months I removed Mr. W——'s room. Mr. W. taught me some words of Elementary book. Mr. W. explained me about God and Jesus christ. I thought God is a spirit and he is every where. I thought Jesus christ came in the world which he preached the disciples and the Jews of the gospel. I told Mr. W. why did Jesus christ came in the world? Mr. W. told me because he wished to save us that Jesus christ will save us. I wondered that Jesus christ is a spirit and infinite in heaven. Mr. W. told me that God created all the universe—I did not think of God created all the world before I came to the asylum. I learned the words of Elementary book. I am now learn the dictionary and arithmetic."

The following is taken at random from among many of similar character.

"By a young lady fourteen years old, who has been in the Asylum three years and nine months.

Hartford, March 23d 1821.

"Dear Friend:—I am writing with pleasure to you. All the deaf and dumb are very well. I am at leisure that I endeavour to write to you. I believe that you will also write to me soon. I will tell you about Mr. Ward. You did not know him. My mind is full of thoughts about him. He went from England to Asia. His wife and children were sailing aboard the ship. Because he wished to teach the heathen in Asia about religion. His family were sailing a long time and they arrived at the harbour of Asia. They did not know the heathens of Asia, but Mr. Ward resolved to talk with

them. But they refused to him not to be taught by him about religion. He was a good minister. His family went from the ship and they walked around the land. I believe that they have a very commodious house. He visited the children and he was amusing. He wished to teach them about religion in school. But they disliked him to teach them very kindly. They constantly resolved not to be taught, till twenty years. The English clergyman sent him to come from Asia to the United States. I think his English friend told him that he should not visit England, but he might visit the americans. Mr. Ward was going with pleasure, because the people have no school. He began to sail from his wife and children. I believe he vented out his sorrow and weep. He was coming not to see them and disappeared from them. He has been sailing a great far, but his mind kept his family. I believe that he has strongly affection of the heathens of Asia, but they did not respect him. The poor people did not know God and Christ and they always worshipped the idols. He has earnestly desired to teach them about religion. His English friend sent him to come and to collect the money. The Americans contributed the money to him, when he would give them to the heathens. The American persons inquired for him very much. He visited the deaf and dumb in school and he was very interested. He was very attentive and looked at the teachers to make signs. He departed and went from Hartford, when he began to embark in the ship towards Asia. I hope he will arrive at it and give money to the heathen. He will wish to instruct the little children in the large school. I think that they will be captivated to be taught by him. They will begin to be enlightened by him of teaching them. They will have strongly trust in Mr. Ward, because he should teach them in school about God and Christ. He will be very happy to see them, because they converted. I hope that they will go to heaven.

"I remain your affectionate friend."

THE ETONIAN.

[From the Quarterly Review.]

The work before us professes to have originated in a desire of vin-

dicating the fair fame of 'Mater Etona' from the stigma cast upon it by the alleged deficiencies of a previous publication, claiming, like the present, to be considered as the representative of the wit and literature of Eton. This motive, assisted no doubt by that "last infirmity of noble minds," the desire of appearing in print, induced a knot of unfledged literati, with the occasional assistance of some of their former companions at the University, to set on foot a monthly miscellany, of which the seventh number is now before us. It is obvious that in such a case the common law of literature, by which periodical publications are exempt from the cognizance of each other, is suspended; criticism here is not merely justified, but invited. Though there are many interesting points of view, however, in which the work may be considered, it is our intention, for the present at least, to confine ourselves principally to its literary merits.

The "Etonian," by a common fiction, purports to issue from a regularly organized literary confederacy, meeting periodically at Eton, and each number is prefaced with an official report of the sittings of this miniature synod. Of these debates we are compelled to say, that they are much too noisy and Bacchanalian for our taste, and that the attempt to be facetious, which pervades them, is too often nothing more than an attempt.* From this censure we are bound in justice to exempt several of the latter numbers, as well as the sketches of character occasionally interspersed, and which, we think, could not easily be improved.

The work itself is divided into prose and poetry; the former consisting of tales, moral essays, criticisms, and delineations of life and manners. Of these, the last-mentioned class form by far the most considerable portion, and may be said to give a tone and character to the publication. They are for the most part, as the uniformity of manner sufficiently indicates, the work

* We cannot help recommending, likewise, the removal of the unsightly, and indeed somewhat unseemly emblem which at present disfigures the title-page. Why should not the 'distant spires,' and 'antique towers' themselves grace the front of their own publication?

of one hand; and the youthful vivacity, the power of humorous sketching, and the knowledge of life and character displayed in them, though somewhat marred in their effect by an inordinate passion for quibbles, which the author pours forth at intervals with a perverse and reckless pertinacity, indicate a talent for light composition, which, if properly cultivated, may raise the young writer to a competition with Geoffrey Crayon himself, in a walk of literature at present not much frequented by our countrymen. We may also specify, among his other accomplishments, an elegant facility, which renders even negligence and extravagance graceful, and an occasional tenderness which contrasts very happily with his more mirthful strain. This is indeed a faculty which, by some law of association, seems almost inseparable from genuine humour.

The poetry of the "Etonian" is, we think, more uniformly good than the prose. A large proportion of the verses are marked with indisputable genius; and where there is not genius, there is a youthful vigour and vivacity, which almost serves as its substitute. One principal charm of the present work, indeed, is derived from the circumstance of its being exclusively the composition of boys and young men. Its pages are "redolent of joy and youth"—the sprightliness, and levity, and enthusiasm and pensiveness of early years, pervade the whole; and it is impossible to peruse it without some of those reflections which Gray has embodied in his exquisitely wrought tribute of recognition. One prominent feature of the serious poetry is the imitation of eminent living writers which is every where visible. Something like this, indeed, is to be expected in all juvenile compositions. Young poets, like children, are by nature imitative. Before the mind has strength to form ideas of its own, it can feel strongly the thoughts and images of others; and there is an instinct in youth, which prompts us to emulate that of which we perceive the beauty. We do not mean that the mind is devoid of original conceptions—they exist in fact there, but in a dormant and embryo state. Under this outward disguise of imitation, new powers are incessantly springing

up; the growth of the mind, and the accompanying development of the passions and affections, elicit and call them into action; and, after a temporary fluctuation and struggle between old habits and nascent capacities, the borrowed veil is thrown off, and the matured faculties shine forth in their full and proper lustre. The same change takes place in the literary history of a people, where an age of foreign or classical imitation generally precedes the formation of a national literature. We may be mistaken in applying our theory to the compositions before us; but it is less discreditable to be deceived in prophecies of good, than of evil. We speak not of all, but of a large proportion. If they are not poetry, they are the fore-runners of poetry. They are the streaks and crimson flushes which precede the perfect day. The little poem in imitation of Wordsworth (vol. i. p. 273.) is a curious exemplification of our remarks. The author has evidently been struck with the beauty of many of the thoughts and images of his original; and being seized with a desire, similar to that observable in children, of handling the things he admires, and employing them in his own way, without sufficiently understanding their use, he has huddled them into a somewhat unmeaning composition—a gay but confused assemblage of words and things, like a gorgeous dream, or like fragments of music united into one piece without any system.

Another characteristic of these pieces, the earlier ones at least, is the frequent recurrence of melancholy subjects. It seems as if the young were led by an unconscious instinct to temper the exuberance of their natural gaiety by an occasional reference to such subjects, or as if, by a species of presentiment, they let their thoughts wander among the trials and sufferings of maturer life, as the bird moistens her pinions in the pool by way of preparation for the expected shower. It is a moral *antiperistasis*—the heat-shower on sultry days—the result of contraries. Not that the poetry of the "Etonian" is on the whole characterized by gloom or pensiveness; far from it—there is, as we have said, a large infusion of mirth and pleasantry, and a di-

versity of hands is visible here, as in the prose department. One only of these can we venture with any great confidence to specify, who appears to be the Coryphæus of the band, and whose productions are distinguished by a mild pathos, a pervading sweetness, and a mellow equability of versification, enlivened in one instance, to which we shall shortly advert, by a reasonable share of comic talent. His peculiar character is very visible in a poem called "My Brother's Grave," written in an alternation of octosyllabic couplets and quatrains, a measure singularly adapted for the expression of quiet and pensive feeling, without much depth of thought. The species of melody displayed in it is that of a former age of our poetry, and we have seldom seen it carried to greater perfection. We quote the opening lines, and regret that we cannot find space for more:

'Beneath the chancel's hallow'd stone,
Expos'd to every rustic tread,
To few, save rustic mourners, known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words, upon the rough stone graven,
Thy name—thy birth—thy youth declare—
Thy innocence—thy hopes of Heaven—
In simplest phrase recorded there.
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my Brother's Grave.
'No sound of human toil or strife
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life,
Nor breaks the silence still and deep
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid in that unstartled sleep
The living eye hath never known.
The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,
He sweeps th' unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not defile
Those windows on the Sabbath-day;
And, passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my Brother's Grave.
'But when the sweet-toned Sabbath-
chime,
Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended
knees,
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,
And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
Of earthly ills, in thoughts of Heaven;
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above the burial-stone?
What form in priestly meek array
Beside the altar kneels to pray?
What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup?
Full well I know that reverend form,
And if a voice could reach the dead,

Those tones would reach thee, tho' the worm,

My brother, makes thy breast his bed;
That Sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.'

The following beautiful stanzas are apparently from the same hand.

'In many a strain of grief and joy,
My youthful spirit sung to thee;
But I am now no more a boy,
And there's a gulph 'twixt thee and me.
Time on my brow has set his seal—
I start to find myself a man,
And know that I no more shall feel
As only boyhood's spirit can.

And now I bid a long adieu
To thoughts that held my heart in thrall,

To cherished dreams of brightest hue
And thee—the brightest dream of all.
My footsteps rove not where they rove'd,
My home is chang'd, and, one by one,
The "old, familiar" forms I lov'd
Are faded from my path—and gone.

I launch into life's stormy main,
And 'tis with tears—but not of sorrow,
That, pouring thus my parting strain,
I bid thee, as a bride, good-morrow.
Full well thou know'st I envy not
The heart it is thy choice to share;
My soul dwells on thee, as a thought
With which no earthly wishes are.

It is my joy, it is my pride
To picture thee in bliss divine;
A happy and an honour'd bride,
Blest by a fonder love than mine.
Be thou to one a holy spell,
A bliss by day—a dream by night—
A thought on which his soul shall dwell:
A cheering and a guiding light.

His be thy heart—but while no other
Disturbs his image at its core,
Still think of me as of a brother,
I'd not be loved, nor love thee, more.
For thee each feeling of my breast
So holy—so serene shall be,
That when thy heart to his is prest,
'Twill be no crime to think of me.

I shall not wander forth at night,
To breathe thy name—as lovers would;
Thy form, in visions of delight,
Not oft shall break my solitude—
But when, at morn or midnight hour,
I commune with my God, alone,
Before the throne of Peace and Power
I'll blend thy welfare with my own.

And if, with pure and fervent sighs,
I bend before some lov'd one's shrine,
When gazing on her gentle eyes,
I shall not blush to think of thine.
Thou, when thou meet'st thy love's caress,

And when thy children climb thy knee,
In thy calm hour of happiness,
Then sometimes—sometimes think of me.'

"Godiva" is a successful imitation of the new Whistler style; we think, however, that with much of the instinctive delicacy and native gentility of the poet of "Gyges," the author has not succeeded in handling his subject with the same dexterity and decorum; and if our literature is to be disgraced (as is threatened) by the publication of an English Pucelle, we do not wish to see, in a work like the *Etonian*, any thing which may in the most distant degree remind us of such compositions. We quote one of the serious passages, which strikes us as singularly fine.

'What were Godiva's thoughts at that dread hour
In her lone chamber? Silent did she kneel,
Her deep blue eyes rais'd meekly to the Power
Of Heaven, in dumb, yet eloquent appeal.
Thus pray'd the gentle lady in her bower,
Till o'er her sorrows peace began to steal,
And the calm rapture of the silent skies
Had sunk into her spirit through her eyes.

The lady rose from prayer, with cheek o'erflush'd,
And eyes all radiant with celestial fire,
The anguish'd beatings of her heart were hush'd,
So calmly heavenward did her thoughts aspire.
A moment's pause—and then she deeply blush'd,
As, trembling, she unclasp'd her rich attire,
And, shrinking from the sun light, shone confest
The ripe and dazzling beauties of her breast.

And when her white and radiant limbs lay bare,
The fillet from her brow the dame unbound,
And let the traces of her raven hair
Flow down in wavy lightness to the ground,
Till half they veil'd her limbs and bosom fair,
In dark and shadowy beauty floating round,
As clouds, in the still firmament of June,
Shade the pale splendours of the midnight moon.

But then her spirit fell, when thus alone
She stood in the deep silence of her bower,
And felt that there she was beheld by none
Save One unknown, supreme eternal Power.

She dar'd not raise her meek eyes, trembling one,
Again from earth; she could have wish'd that hour
Rather in view of thousands to have stood,
Than in that still and awful solitude.

Away—away, with wild and hurried pace,
Through many a long and echoing room she stole;
No voice arrests her ear, no human face
Bursts on the dreamy wildness of her soul,' &c.

Our readers would probably wish for specimens of the talents of some of the rest of the youthful fraternity. We are sure they will be gratified with the following:

'Nov. 26.—Heard of the death of poor Morton.—If ever man died of love it was Edward Morton.—The lady to whom he became early attached was married to another.—Morton was present at the marriage, and was never seen to smile afterwards.—The lady, it is said, was unhappy in her union, and did not survive it many years.—Morton died at Corfu.—A portrait of the lady was found in his portfolio, wrapped up in the following lines:—

I saw thee wedded—thou did'st go
Within the sacred aisle,
Thy young cheek in a blushing glow,
Betwixt a tear and smile.
Thy heart was glad in maiden glee,
But he it lov'd so fervently
Was faithless all the while;
I hate him for the vow he spoke—
I hate him for the vow he broke.
I hid the love that could not die,
Its doubts, and hopes, and fears,
And buried all my misery
In secrecy and tears;
And days pass'd on, and thou did'st prove
The pang of unrequited love,
E'en in thine early years;
And thou did'st die, so fair and good!
In silence and in solitude!

While thou wert living, I did hide
Affection's secret pains;
I'd not have shock'd thy modest pride
For all the world contains;
But thou hast perish'd, and the fire
That often check'd, could ne'er expire,
Again unhidden reigns:
It is no crime to speak my vow,
For ah! thou can'st not hear it now.

Thou sleep'st beneath thy lowly stone,
That dark and dreamless sleep;
And he, thy loved and chosen one—
Why goes he not to weep?
He does not kneel where I have knelt,
He cannot feel what I have felt,
The anguish, still and deep,
The painful thoughts of what has been,
The canker-worm that is not seen.

But I—as o'er the dark blue wave
Unconsciously I ride,
My thoughts are hovering o'er thy grave
My soul is by thy side.
There is one voice that waits thee yet,
One heart that cannot e'er forget
The visions that have died;
And aye thy form is buried there,
A doubt—an anguish—a despair!

Of the comic poetry of one of our
young essayists, we have already
given a favourable character; it is
indeed, in our opinion, superior to
his prose. We subjoin one or two
of the characters in the "Eve of
Battle."

'Thou too thy brilliant helm must don,
Etona's wild and wayward son,
Mad merry Charles.—While, beardless
yet,

Thou look'st upon thy plume of jet,
Or smilest, as the clouds of night
Are drifted back by morning's light,
Thy boyish look, thy careless eyes,
Might wake the envy of the wise.
Six months have past since thou did'st
rove

Unwilling through Etona's grove,
Trembling at many an ancient face
That met thee in that holy place!
To speak the plain and honest truth,
Thou wast no scholar in thy youth.
But now go forth—broke loose from
school,

Kill and destroy by classic rule,
Or die in fight to live in story,
As valiant Hector did before ye.
On! on! take forts and storm positions,
Break Frenchmen's heads—instead of
Priscian's,

And seek in death and conflagration
A *gradus* to thy reputation.
Yet, when the war is loud and high,
Thine old mistakes will round thee fly;
And still, in spite of all thy care,
False quantities will haunt thee there:
For thou wilt make, amidst the throng,
Or *too* short, or *too* long.

'Methinks I know that figure bold,
And stalwart limbs of giant mould!
'Tis he—I know his ruddy face,
My tried staunch friend, Sir Matthew
Chase.

His snore is loud, his slumber deep,
Yet dreams are with him in his sleep,
And Fancy's visions oft recall
The merry hunt and jovial hall—
And oft replace before his sight
The bustle of to-morrow's fight.
In swift succession o'er his brain,
Come fields of corn, and fields of slain;
And as the varying image burns,
Blood and blood-horses smoke by turns;
The live-barr'd gate and muddy ditch,
Smolensko and "the spotted bitch!"—

And thou too, Clavering—Humour's
son!

Made up of wisdom and of fun!
Medley of all that's dark and clear,
Of all that's foolish, all that's dear,

Tell me what brings thee here to die,
Thou prince of eccentricity?
Poor Arthur! in his childhood's day
He cared so little for his play,
And wore so grave and prim a look,
And cried so, when he miss'd his book,
That aunts were eager to presage
The glories of his riper age,
And fond mamma in him foresaw
The bulwark of the British law,
And Science from her lofty throne
Look'd down and "mark'd him for her
own."

Ah! why did flattery come at school
To tinge him with a shade of fool!
Alas! what clever plans were crost!
Alas! how wise a judge was lost!
Without a friend to check or guide,
He hurried into fashion's tide,
He aped each folly of the throng,
Was all by turns, and nothing long;—
Skilful in fencing, and in fist,
Blood—critic—jockey—methodist;
Causeless alike in joy or sorrow,
Tory to-day, and Whig to-morrow,
All habits and all shapes he wore,
And lov'd, and laugh'd, and pray'd, and
swore.

And now some instantaneous freak,
Some peevish whim, or jealous pique
Has made the battle's iron shower
The hobby of the present hour,
And bade him seek, in steel and lead,
An opiate for a rambling head.'

Our extracts have already been
too profuse; yet we cannot close
without quoting a few stanzas from
"a Sketch" called "Changing Quar-
ters," which possesses a considera-
ble vein of poetry, humour and good
feeling.

'Fair laughs the morn, and out they
come,
At the solemn beat of the rolling drum,
Apparell'd for the march;
Many an old and honour'd name,
Young warriors, with their eyes of flame,
And aged veterans in the wars,
With little pay, and many scars,
And titled lord, and tottering beau,
Right closely wrapt from top to toe
In vanity and starch.

The rising sun is gleaming bright,
And Britain's flag is waving light,
And widely, where the gales invite,
The charger's mane is flowing;
Around is many a staring face;
Of envious boor and wondering grace,
And Echo shouts through all the place,
"The soldiers be a-going!"
Beauty and bills are buzzing now
In many a martial ear,
And midst the tumult and the row,
Is seen the tailor's anxious bow,
And woman's anxious tear.
Alas! the thousand cares that float
To-day around a scarlet coat!

There's Serjeant Cross, in fume and fret,
With little Mopsa, the coquette,
Close clinging to his side;

Who, if fierce Mars and thundering Jove
Had had the least respect for love,
To-day had been his bride.

And, midst the trumpet's wild acclaim,
She calls upon her lover's name,
In beautiful alarm;
Still looking up expectantly
To see the tear-drop in his eye,
Still hanging to his arm.
And he the while—his fallen chop
Most eloquently tells,
That much he wishes little Mop
Were waiting for—another drop,
Or hanging—somewhere else.'

After a somewhat ludicrous de-
scription of the wistful anxiety of
the major, captains and subaltern
officers to escape from the "bills"
and other importunate claims of the
surrounding crowd, the poet sud-
denly recollects himself, and falls
into the following sweet strain, with
which our decreasing limits reluc-
tantly compel us to conclude our
remarks.

'Is there an eye, which nothing sees,
In what it views to-day,
To whisper deeper thoughts than these,
And wake a graver lay?
Oh think not thus! when lovers part
When weeping eye and trembling heart
Speak more than words can say—
It ill becomes my jesting song
To run so trippingly along,
And on these trifling themes bestow
What ought to be a note of woe.

I see young Edward's courser stand,
The bridle rests upon his hand;
But beauteous Helen lingers yet,
With throbbing heart and eyelid wet;
And as she speaks in that sweet tone,
Which makes the listener's soul its own,
And as she heaves that smother'd sigh
Which lovers cannot hear and fly,
In Edward's face looks up the while,
And longs to weep, yet seems to smile.

"Fair forms may fleet around, my love!
And lighter steps than mine,
And sweeter tones may sound, my love!
And brighter eyes may shine;
But whosoever thou dost rove,
Thou wilt not find a heart, my love!
So truly, wholly thine,
As that which at thy feet is aching,
As if it's every string were breaking!
"I would not see thee glad, my love!
As erst, in happier years;
Yet do not seem so sad, my love!
Because of Helen's fears;
Swiftly the flying minutes move:
And though we weep to-day, my love!
Heavy and bitter tears,
There'll be, for every tear that strays,
A thousand smiles in other days."

On the Cultivation of Turnips.

[From the Farmer's Magazine]

SIR:—I am the occupier of a small
possession in the county of Angus,

and, for a series of years, have paid attention to the culture of turnips; and as you have repeatedly expressed your readiness to give a place to the remarks of practical farmers in the pages of your Magazine, I beg leave to trouble you with a few observations on the value of the Turnip Crop, and the best mode of cultivating it.

There has not been a greater improvement in modern husbandry than the introduction of turnips. The great change that has taken place in the appearance of our cattle, and, consequently, in our butcher markets, the cleanness of our land and neatness of our fields are in a great measure owing to the cultivation of this crop. Indeed, this is so much the case, that the improved state of any district may in some degree be ascertained from the extent of the turnip husbandry. It is in the recollection of some yet alive, that, in many countries of Scotland, it was with the greatest difficulty the cattle could be made to survive the spring; that many of them were then *a lifting*; and that, when turned out to grass, they were frequently lost in bogs and ditches; that every winter was a season of famine, and every spring a period of wretchedness and misery. The brisk appearance and frolicksome gambols of our cattle, when turned out to grass during the summer months, form a striking contrast to these scenes of sterility and want.

There are three different advantages attending the cultivation of turnips, that render them an object to every farmer where they can be cultivated with success.

1st, They are valuable as food for cattle. No plant has yet been discovered that affords such salutary food for cattle, during the winter months, as turnips. All cattle eat them greedily, and increase more in size and fatness upon them than upon any other food. There are varieties of them that are less injured by frost than any other succulent plant; and, by storing a part of them to be used in frosty weather, cattle may be kept in excellent condition, or prepared for the butcher from the middle of October to the 1st of May. In this point of view we consider the turnip crop of the highest value, and one of the greatest improvements in modern husbandry.

2dly, It is also no small advantage of the turnip crop, that it affords the greatest facility for cleaning the ground. It is one of the chief improvements in modern husbandry, that the ground is now kept much clearer of weeds than in former times. If the ground be filled with wild unproductive plants, it is impossible to expect a great return from seeds that are sown; and the more manure that is applied to the land, the natural plants will flourish in greater luxuriance and abundance. There are few crops that afford much facility in cleaning the ground; on the contrary, most of them greatly increase the number of weeds; and if there were any crop that was valuable in itself, and which, at the same time allowed the ground to be cleaned, this circumstance would greatly enhance its value.

On all light soils—and it is only on such that turnips should be raised—the ground can be cleared of weeds in every respect as well as by a clear fallow. Turnips are not generally sown until the middle of June; and, consequently, there is no crop in the ground during the best season for fallowing it. By a judicious application of the implements now in use, and especially of the hand-hoe, every weed may be exterminated from the soil, at least in ordinary seasons. If a crop be useful in itself, and at the same time serve the purpose of an ordinary fallow, it merits in no small degree the attention of the agriculturist.

3dly, Another advantage of the turnip crop, is the additional value it gives to the dunghill. It would be needless to make any remarks upon such a trite subject as the value of dung, as every farmer is sensible of its value, and it is his daily task to add to its quantity. It would be equally foreign to our present purpose to enter into any chemical analysis of the qualities of dung; every agriculturist knows the superiority of that produced by cattle fed on turnips. The dung produced by cattle fed solely on hay or straw, is a dry and hard substance, and has little effect in decomposing the litter with which it is mixed, and, of consequence, is of little value as a manure for most soils. On the contrary, turnip dung is a substance of different qualities. It readily mixes with the litter, and the whole

composition is soon in a state of putrefaction, from which those gases are disengaged which constitute the proper food of plants.

In addition to the dung, the urine is particularly valuable. The quantity of urine produced by cattle fed on turnips is quite astonishing to those who are not accustomed to the fact. It was, till lately, much neglected; but is now attended to with the utmost care. It is preserved in cisterns, from which it is pumped as occasion requires, and applied to various purposes with invariable success. An industrious farmer, at his leisure hours, is employed in collecting rich earth from the scourings of ditches, the sides of hedges and dykes; and, by mixing them with a little dung and urine, an immense addition is made to his stock of manure; and, whatever may be his local disadvantages, he is enabled to pursue nearly as favourable a rotation of cropping as those who are situated in the neighbourhood of great towns. If the turnip husbandry be attended with the advantages I have now mentioned, surely the general interests of agriculture, as well as the interests of the individual, will be greatly promoted by the judicious and successful culture of that crop.

It is true, that turnips are a scourging crop; that it happens not unfrequently that the crop which succeeds them is light; that the ground is often poached in winter; that it cannot be reduced to a small mould for grass seeds; and that the grass or hay is often very deficient.* These are no doubt, objections to the culture of this crop; but allowing them all their weight, a remedy may still be applied; and, at any rate, they are more than compensated by the advantages I have already enumerated. On stiff soils, it would be better, perhaps, to avoid sowing grass seeds immediately after turnips; and, in other cases, where the ground is apt to be exhausted after that crop, a very small quantity of dung could not be more profitably applied, and would produce luxuriant crops of both barley and grass.

I have said enough for my present

* These remarks do not apply to the crop when eaten on the ground by sheep. A second ploughing will make the land fine enough for grass seeds.—Cox.

purpose on the value of the turnip crop; my principal object is, to direct the attention of your readers to its culture. And I am sorry to say, that the advantages of this crop are but seldom realized, as there are but few districts in which it is cultivated with success. Last September, I happened to pass through more than half the counties of Scotland, and regretted to find so few instances of a good turnip crop. In many extensive districts, a turnip was not to be found at all; and in others, where fields had been sown with them, they had been so completely neglected in the cultivation, that the labour and expense must have been wholly thrown away. In many of these situations, the soil appeared to be well adapted for the raising of turnips. There are, no doubt, many reasons for the neglect with which this crop is treated. In some cases, there is a want of enclosures, and in others of draining; in all cases, there is a difficulty in changing old habits, and introducing a new method of cropping; but the grand obstacle seems to be, the want of industry in the inhabitants. Turnips require a great deal of labour, and will never thrive in the hands of an indolent population. It is quite in vain to sow them, unless the ground be well pulverized. It is true, that a tract of rainy weather, at the proper time of sowing them, renders this often impracticable; but, from experience, I have always found it most advantageous to defer sowing until the ground could be reduced to a proper mould. The proper time of sowing turnips varies with the situation; it varies also with the weather; and the best time in each year can scarcely ever be determined until the season be elapsed; but, in every instance that has occurred within my observation, I have found it best to defer sowing them for a week or ten days, until the ground was in a proper state as to dryness and mould. Late turnips are least injured by frost; and, though not often the heaviest crop, yet they are generally the most profitable for feeding during the spring months.

Deep ploughing is also essentially necessary in the raising of turnips. The perpendicular root of the turnip reaches an immense way into the ground, if it meets with no obstruction; and it may be supposed

that, with the more facility the plant can strike its roots, its growth will be the more promoted. There is a kind of crust at the top of the subsoil, below the ordinary tract of the plough, that requires occasionally to be broken, whatever crops are cultivated; and the peculiar structure of the turnip plant renders it more necessary to be broken in cultivating that crop than any other. I have always found, that the best way of applying the dung to turnips, was by putting it into the drills as to potatoes. In former times, the common way was to plough it down before the ground was drilled; but to this mode of applying it there are many objections. If applied in this way, it must be so often turned over, that the quantity is reduced nearly a half before it is fit to be put into the ground, and almost the whole of its nutritive qualities have escaped. Besides, by the frequent hoeings, it is brought to the surface, and its juices evaporated by the heat of the sun. But when it is laid in the drill, it has no occasion to be so much reduced; it is in the proper position to give nourishment to the plant; and, not being exposed to the weather, it is ploughed up next spring in a less exhausted state, for the benefit of the succeeding crop. I have always found that ordinary farm-yard dung, driven immediately from the court, answered the purpose perfectly well, after the roughest of it had been previously driven away for potatoes. A greater quantity of dung can in this manner be afforded; and if it be well saturated from the urinary before it is laid on the ground, a quick and vigorous vegetation will immediately take place.

The sowing-machines now in common use, are perhaps necessary on large farms, where despatch is indispensable, and a scarcity of hands is felt; but they deposit the seed too thick; the plants are with difficulty separated from each other, and are feeble and delicate on account of their crowded state. Instead of using a machine for sowing turnips, I have been in the way of employing three persons in this process. The first, with a hand-hoe, makes a small aperture on the top of the drill immediately before the dung; the second sows the seed from a tin box with a wooden handle; the third follows with a rake, to cover the seed,

and smooth the surface of the drill. A light roller passes over them, when the mould has become quite dry. In this way the seed is immediately above the dung; the plants are generally at some distance from each other; their leaves take a horizontal position; they assume the same shape in their nascent state as when they come to full maturity; and an opportunity is thus presented of selecting the best plants, which is of the greatest consequence to the crop. The expense of this method may be about one shilling and sixpence per acre, and is not greater than by the common machine, at least on an ordinary farm. It may be despised by some on account of its simplicity, and it certainly has not the scientific air of splendid machinery; but I have found, by repeated experiment, that it adds considerably to the value of the crop.

In thinning turnips, the distance between the plants should be regulated by the size to which it is expected, or rather to which it is wished that they should grow; for a turnip will increase in bulk in proportion to the distance it stands from others. By keeping them very thin in the drill, I have raised them to measure 40 inches in circumference. Those that are to be used early in the season should be wide thinned, and may stand at the distance of a foot from each other; those that are to be kept for spring use should be left thicker, that they may not grow to such a size, and run less risk of being injured by the winter frost. As soon as the plants begin to grow after being thinned, the earth should be well turned up by the hand-hoe near their roots; and the small plough and drill harrow should be kept constantly going among them, as long as any space remains between the drills. In the culture of turnips, there is not a more frequent error than to plough up the drills early; and discontinue the hoeing. In dry weather, vegetation soon ceases after the hoeing is given over; and the change of colour in the leaf indicates that the plant has reached maturity. Indeed, the great mistake in the culture of turnips, and which prevails most in those districts where they have been but lately introduced, is bestowing too little labour on them. When the earth is turned over in dry weather, its power of absorbing moisture from

the atmosphere is increased, and the evaporation from the soil greatly promotes the growth of plants. It is thus that hand-hoeing is so beneficial to the wheat crop; and it is thus that one field of turnips, when well cultivated, is worth a whole parish of them when totally neglected. When the turnips are not consumed on the ground, a part of them ought to be stored, and kept in reserve for frosty weather. In mild weather, turnips are never eaten with such relish by cattle as when taken immediately from the field. In a severe storm, however, they are with difficulty got out of the earth; the land is injured by the carts. When their juices are frozen, they become a complete ball of ice, and are in a state wholly unfit to be food for cattle.

I am aware that many of these remarks are perfectly familiar to every farmer accustomed to the raising of turnips in the best cultivated districts of Scotland. If they are known, however, in the other districts, I had almost said counties, the state of the last turnip crop is a proof that they are altogether overlooked in practice. On many fields last year, there was not the tenth part of an average crop; they seemed to have been disowned by the possessors as good for nothing; the ground did not even enjoy the benefit of a fallow; the value of the present crop, as well as of the dunghill, will be diminished; and the size and appearance of the cattle must be quite different from what it would have been, if they had received a plentiful supply of turnips during the winter. If turnips were every where cultivated with the same skill and attention as in East Lothian, and some parts of Angus, the national wealth would be increased to a degree that is almost inconceivable. The appearance of the fields and cattle, and the *tout ensemble* of the farm, would present a delightful spectacle, and form a striking contrast to those scenes of sterility and want which still meet your eye in different quarters of the country.

ALTO-RELIEF ENGRAVING.

[From the Edinburgh Philos. Journal.]

Account of a new Style of Engraving on Copper in Alto-Relievo, invented by Mr. W. LIZARS.

Drawn up from information communicated by the Inventor.

The progress which has been made during the last thirty years in the mechanical arts, and in the application of science to the useful purposes of life, has been no less remarkable for its rapidity than for the variety and importance of the inventions by which it has been marked. The history of the fine arts, during the same period, though it does not present us with any very splendid achievements, has yet to record some striking specimens of their advancement. One of the most important of these is, undoubtedly, the invention of lithography; an art by which copies of drawings of all kinds can be multiplied with such a degree of accuracy and facility, as to be a complete substitute for copper-plate engraving, and, at the same time, at such a cheap rate, that the original cost of the stone, and the expense of preparing it, either by a transference of the drawing to be multiplied, or by a direct delineation of it upon the stone, bears almost no proportion to the expense of cutting it on copper.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the great advantages of stone printing, in those cases to which it is really applicable; but there is some risk of forming too high an estimate of its powers, and we fear that the public expectations are too sanguine to be ultimately gratified.

In all those cases where the expense of copper-plate engraving is very great, compared with the expense of paper, and of taking off the impressions, whether this difference arises from the smallness of the number of impressions, or from the difficulty of the engraving, the art of lithography is peculiarly valuable. But when the subject to be engraved is a mere outline, such as diagrams, the expense of cutting, which on copper is very trifling, or when the expense of paper and of taking the impression is very great from the number of impressions to be thrown off, then the original cost of the engraving, even if it has much work upon it, forms such a small part of the whole expense, that it would not be advisable to multiply it by stone printing.

When we consider that the expense of paper is the same in both arts, and that the method of taking im-

pressions from stone is more troublesome and less certain than in taking them from copper, we shall have no difficulty in distinguishing the particular cases in which we should have recourse to lithography.

The art of engraving upon wood, though imperfect, from the very nature of the process, possesses great advantages. If we wish to illustrate a subject by a single diagram, we are enabled to do it by a wood engraving, which is printed from it along with the types, and which, therefore, saves all the expense of throwing off the impressions separately, and also the expense of a separate leaf of paper. In many instances this saving amounts to a great sum, and the original expense of the wood engraving is comparatively nothing. We have, besides, the great advantage of having the diagram or figure adjacent to the description of it, an advantage which those only can appreciate who spend much of their time in the study of mathematical and physical works.

The new art of engraving upon copper, which Mr. Lizars has invented, is a substitute for wood engraving, in the same manner as lithography is a substitute for copper-plate engraving; but while Mr. Lizars has given us a cheaper art for a more expensive one, he has also given us a more perfect art for one which is full of imperfections. The invention of lithography, on the contrary, was the substitution of an imperfect for a perfect art, and whatever progress it may yet make, we can never expect it to exhibit that union of bold and delicate touches by which stroke engraving is characterised.

In wood engraving, all the white parts are cut below the general surface of the wood, while all the black lines, which constitute the picture, are left on the level of the general surface. Hence it is impracticable to hatch or to leave upon the surface of wood elevated lines, which cross each other, without cutting out the small white lozenges, which would be a work of immense labour, and by no means perfect, even if it could be accomplished. All the shadings, therefore, in wood engravings, are formed by parallel lines, which never cross one another. In copper-plate engravings, on the contrary, all the black lines are cut be-

low the general surface, while the white parts correspond with the general surface of the copper. The art of hatching is therefore extremely easy in this art, and we have only to cross the lines cut out by the engraver in the same manner as we do them in drawing with the pen.

These observations will prepare the reader for understanding Mr. Lizars' invention, and for forming a correct estimate of its value.

The following account of it has been kindly communicated to us by himself.

In the operation of engraving, the desired effect is produced by making incisions upon the copper-plate with a steel instrument, of an angular shape; which incisions are filled with printing ink, and transferred to the paper by the pressure of a roller, which is passed over its surface. There is another mode of producing these lines or incisions by means of diluted nitrous acid, which is well known, and in which the impression is taken in the same way. The new mode of engraving is done upon a principle exactly the reverse; for, instead of the subject being cut into the copper, it is the interstice between these lines which is removed by diluted acid (commonly called aquafortis), and the lines are left as the surface, from which the impression is taken, by means of a common type printing-press, instead of a copper-plate press.

This is effected by drawing with turpentine varnish, coloured with lamp-black, whatever is required upon the plate; and when the varnish is thoroughly dry, the acid is poured upon it, and the interstice of course removed by its action upon the uncovered part of the copper. If the subject is very full of dark shading, this operation will be performed with little risk of accident, and with the removal of very little of the interstice between the lines; but if the distance between the lines is great, the risk and difficulty is very much increased; and it will be requisite to cut away the parts which surround the lines with a graver, in order to prevent the dabber with the printing ink from reaching the bottom, and thus producing a blurred impression. It is obvious, therefore, that the more the plate is covered with work, the less risk will there be in the preparation of it

with the acid, after the subject is drawn; and the less trouble will there be in removing the interstice (if any) from those places where there is little shading.

A great degree of facility will be obtained by etching out the first line with the common etching-needle, and afterwards putting on the cross line with the varnish; and by this means there will be much more variety, regularity, and beauty in the effect, than if the whole had been done with the varnish.

I have found from experience, that the best mode of proceeding is to lay an etching-ground upon the copper, as in the ordinary operation of etching; to remove the first lines, or rather *interstices*, with the needle, and then to put on the cross lines with the varnish. Should this cramp the freedom of the artist in some parts, he can easily scrape off the etching-ground, and draw those with the varnish.

Although this discovery must still be considered in its infancy, and very incomplete, yet it is probable that much may be done with it, if proper materials can be found out to work with. It possesses every advantage which common engraving does, and at the same time all the advantages of engraving on wood; and, above all, it enables us to procure as many impressions as can be taken from types.* The greatest difficulty to be surmounted, is to obtain a substitute for the varnish which will flow from a pen or pencil like Indian ink; for as the varnish has a tendency to dry, and get tough in the pencil, the operation is by this circumstance very considerably impeded. Other substances than copper may be used; and experience may prove them to be better adapted to the purpose. I have tried wood covered with white lead and strong glue, with considerable success, but not with so much as copper; and it may be as well, for the sake of those who may think it worth their while to make other trials, to

* I have not been able to find out the number of impressions which types will take, but I have been informed that an edition of 20,000 was printed from a Gaelic Testament at the University press here, and stereotype plates afterwards cast from the same types, without any apparent diminution of their sharpness.

mention that I have used lead, pewter, type-metal, zinc, and brass, all with various success, but have still found copper superior to them all. Mr. Sivright, of Meggetland, a gentleman well known in this city for his scientific acquirements, and to whom, during these experiments, I was much indebted, used with very great success the same kind of limestone which is employed in lithography.

I have also tried various kinds of varnishes, viz. mastic varnish, japan, liquid etching-ground, copal varnish, and spirit varnish, but have found the best to be common turpentine varnish, or resin dissolved in turpentine.

Extracts from an article in the New Monthly Magazine for July, entitled "Jonathan Kentucky's Journal."

April 27th. The more I see of the English, the more I feel the justice of Voltaire's remark, who compared them to a hogsheaf of their own beer;—the top froth, the bottom dregs, the middle excellent. It has been observed by philosophers, that virtue is always seated in the mean, between two extremes; so, in another sense, the little virtue in the world may be said to reside amongst the middle class of mankind, which may fairly be called the temperate zone of society; the inhabitants of which being equally removed from the extremes of wealth and want, are neither allured by ambition nor driven by poverty to deviate from the straight road of integrity. The national character is much what one might expect from the national nickname; and the nick name of John Bull has, perhaps, not been without its use in fixing the national character. I have, indeed, for some time been half converted to the hypothesis of Walter Shandy, who asserted, "that there was a strange kind of magic bias impressed upon our characters and conduct, by the choice and imposition of names." The instance of Christopher Columbus first staggered me: the one clearly indicating that he was to carry the Christian religion to the New World; the other having a no less clear reference to the dove which was sent out from the ark, and brought back the first intelligence of a world that had been hidden by the waters.

Again, if we were to inquire what made *Mungo Park*, from his earliest years, cherish with so much eagerness the design of exploring the wilds of Africa; Mr. Shandy would answer—his godfathers and godmothers: and this explanation of the matter is, at least, as intelligible as the craniological system of Gall and Spurzheim, who would effect to trace all our inward propensities to certain outward protuberances, and draw out the chart of our lives from inspecting the maps of our skulls. I am, indeed, inclined to push the hypothesis still further than Mr. Shandy, who, if I remember rightly, limits his observations to Christian names; for, wherever I go, I discover fresh proofs of the unlimited extent of those mysterious coincidences, which seem to be brought about by the "magic of name." Thus, when I was travelling in Spain, I ceased to be surprised at many things in that country, when I recollected from a learned volume of geography, that the Spaniards were lineally descended from the ancient tribes of the *Turduli* and *Turditani*. And here, in London, when I meet with such associations as *Dunn*, Tailor; *Giblet*, Butcher; *True-fit*, Wig-maker; *Cut-more*, Eating-house keeper; *Boil-it*, Fishmonger; can I suppose it was chance alone that determined the choice of these individuals to professions so strangely corresponding with their names? Or, when I read the names of "*Still*, *Strong*, and *Rack-'em*," on the door of an attorney's office in Lincoln's Inn, can I refuse to believe that there is something more than natural, if philosophy could find it out, which brought into conjunction such a fearful partnership of appropriate qualifications, as are clearly indicated by the several denominations of this legal trio. Nay, there would even seem to be a secret meaning in the very letters of a name, which only require to be decomposed and newly-arranged, to reveal the life and character of the wearer. Let those who may be disposed to laugh at this theory as fanciful, remember, that they might in this manner have read the history of the battle of the Nile at the christening of Horatio Nelson,—*Honor est a Nilo*.

But to return from this digression to John Bull. Let the English, if

they are wise, cherish this nick-name, which, as I have before observed, has more influence than is commonly supposed upon the national morals and character, by unconsciously disposing every individual to illustrate, in his own person, the plain downright sincerity of manner, the straight-forward integrity of principle, and the hearty warmth of hospitality which have always been attributed to that ideal character.

May 1st. I had looked forward with some curiosity to a May-day in England, of which we read so much in books of poetry and romance. But alas! the age of poetry and romance is, like the age of chivalry, extinct. The Queen of the May is no longer to be seen in the pride and pomp of her ancient state; unless, indeed, she be sought in my countryman Mr. Leslie's charming picture; which the artist may study for its composition, the antiquary for its historical research, and the general observer for its sentiment and expression. The festivities of May-day now present little more than a tawdry crew of dancing chimney-sweepers, to whom the task of doing suitable honour to the fair divinity of the month seems, in these degenerate days, to be exclusively consigned. It is impossible to grudge these poor miserable victims of an ill-ordered system, the gleam of gladness which the anniversary of this festival imparts to them; but sallying out of my chamber with my imagination full of

Zephyr and Aurora playing,

As he met her once a Maying:—

I own I was somewhat disconcerted by these sooty personifications of the creatures of my fancy, who reminded me rather of G. Selwyn's witticism:—"I have often heard," said he, "of the *majesty* of the people, but I never till now saw any of the princes of the blood." I passed the day in Kensington Gardens, which furnish a beautiful retreat from the noise and nonsense of the world, to those who can afford the time that it requires to emigrate so far. Being more anxious to economize time than money, I was tempted to enter one of the stages that ply for passengers at the White Horse Cellar. By the way, I am surprised the police of the metropolis does not interfere to controul the conduct of the drivers of these ve-

hicles, who, assisted by their jackalls, beset and persecute every passer-by with a degree of rudeness that is often pushed to personal violence. There is, frequently, a contest amongst them for a female fare, who is hauled backwards and forwards by these pertinacious assailants, and, as is too much the case with that complying sex, who, as Rochefoucault tells us, yield oftener from weakness than affection, she generally falls a prey to the boldest pretender. An elderly lady, with a band-box upon her knee, who had, just before we started, been reluctantly persuaded to occupy the last remaining bodkin seat, put her head out of the window just as we were entering Kensington, and desiring the coach to stop, ordered the driver to set her down at the top of Walnut-tree Walk. "Walnut-tree Walk, Ma'am!" said Coachee, "I know no such place as Walnut-tree Walk here." "Why, God bless me then," said the old gentlewoman, "Aren't you the Kennington Coach?" "Lord love you, no, Ma'am," replied he, "I am the Kensington coachman!" The distress of the old lady was almost too great to be diverting. We recommended her to walk to the river side, and to get across the water in a boat to Kennington;—but nothing would compose her. Walking in the heat of the day was, of all things, what she disliked most in the world; besides, she had an uncle who had died from drinking water when he was hot;—and then, as to crossing the river in a boat, she had an aunt who, on a similar expedition, had narrowly escaped drowning: in short, whatever expedient we proposed, was set aside by the relation of some domestic calamity. At last, the coachman consented to carry her back to London without demanding any additional fare;—and so, after a morning's excursion, which would have been more appropriate to the first of April than the first of May, I hope she finally succeeded in reaching the place of destination.

May 15th. I entered for the first time into the gallery of the House of Commons. There is certainly nothing here in the "*architecture*," outside or inside, to excite admiration; for it is a small inconvenient room, very inadequate to the accommodation of its members, since

the accession to their numbers from the union with Ireland. Still less is the appearance of the members themselves calculated to inspire respect; for with the exception of the speaker, who is handsomely arrayed in a black gown and long wig, and three attendant clerks, who are also begowned and bewigged, the house exhibits nothing more than some ranges of green benches, sparingly occupied with a few straggling members, lounging about in the most uncereemonious postures, some with coloured cravats, others with dirty boots, and almost all (as if it were a Jewish synagogue) with their hats on. And yet, in spite of all this, there was something in the place that was overpowering. The "bauble" on the table conjured up the figures of Cromwell and Vane; and the mind glanced back in a moment to the days of Hampden and Pym, and Sidney and Russell; and I could not help giving way to a growing sentiment of self-importance at feeling myself within the same walls that had so recently echoed to the glorious eloquence of Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, and Sheridan. A printer was called to the bar to be examined; and my imagination immediately drew a picture of our own Franklin in the same place, defending the rights of mankind, while he advocated the cause of America. The speaker takes the chair at four o'clock, but public business does not begin till six.—One of my neighbours seemed desirous of whiling away the interval with a book; but this recreation was immediately interdicted by the guardians of the gallery, as disrespectful to the House. For my own part I was sufficiently amused with the novelty of the scene. The members, I observed, only wore their hats as long as they retained their seats; and even in getting up to change their places, which they are perpetually doing, they make an obeisance as they cross the floor of the house, to the speaker's chair; which, raised as it is some steps from the ground, and surmounted with the king's arms, might almost pass for a throne. In the course of the evening a message was brought from the House of Lords, by two stately personages, whose heads were enveloped in the flowing honours which, in this country, always denote the higher orders

of legal dignity. The whole parade of their reception, with the measured prostrations of person that marked each step of their advance and retreat, presented a ludicrous picture of extravagant ceremonial. And yet the English are remarkable for their quick sense of the ridiculous; and their travellers delight to laugh and jeer at what they call the "mummery" of other countries. Let me tell them that their masters in chancery bearing a message from the lords, are much more like Noodle and Doodle than any thing that can be found within the pope's chapel. I was disappointed in the oratory of the House; but I am aware how difficult it is to form a correct judgment from a single experiment. The prevailing fault seemed to me to be of the same kind with that which is imputed in Scripture to the prayers of the heathen—"who think they shall be heard for their much speaking." There was one speaker in particular, "which was a lawyer," who dealt unmercifully in that figure of rhetoric which has been called *triptology*; which consists in a continual repetition of the same thing under different synonyms three times over.

May 30th. I have lately seen rather more than I wish of what is called *life* in London. It would be difficult to imagine a more heartless state of society, than that which now prevails in this overgrown metropolis; consisting as it does, for the most part, of "crowds without company, and dissipation without pleasure." I do not, of course, mean to include in this sweeping censure those select cheerful companionable meetings, which form the peculiar boast of London hospitality. Of all the places in the world—commend me to a *dinner* in London. To *feed* were best, perhaps, at a Restaurateur's in Paris, but there is no nation that understands how a dinner should be *given* like the English;—were table-tactics and table-talk—conserves and converse—wit and wine—and all the happyfying pleasures of social enjoyment, are carried to their highest point of gratification. The maxim of lord Chesterfield seems still in force, who said that such a party should never be less than the number of the Graces, nor more than that of the Muses! The same ideas of comfort, in-

deed, seem to have prevailed at a much earlier period; and accordingly we find in Homer, that *eight* was the number of those illustrious companions, whom Agamemnon invited to eat bull-beef with him;—to wit, Menelaus, Nestor, Idomeneus, Diomed, the two Ajaxes, and Ulysses.

But to return from this digression. What can be more intolerably dull and stupid than the whole system of evening parties? A crowd of people, composed of a motley mixture of all degrees and conditions, is collected together and squeezed into a suit of rooms, utterly insufficient to accommodate above one half of them; where they stand and stare at one another for three or four hours;—and thus begins and ends an evening party! As the greater part of the assembly are not known to one another, no interchange but that of looks takes place between them; and even amongst those who are mutually acquainted, in such a crowd, chairs and conversation are almost equally out of the question. I shall never forget the sensation of surprise that I felt in accepting the first invitation of this kind. For how was it possible that a card inscribed *Mrs. **** at home*, with the words *a very small party* carefully inserted in the corner, should prepare me to meet an overflowing multitude of three hundred persons, where the great object of the lady seemed to be to fill her house fuller than it could hold. My friend Mrs. ****, stood at the door of the first room, acknowledging me as I passed, with a bow of recognition—and this was all I saw of my hostess. I was told there was dancing in a room to which I would willingly have forced my passage, in order to avoid hearing some very indifferent singing in the room where I was immoveably planted during the greater part of the evening. Being a perfect stranger, I had little to say to any body, and therefore could not be much surprised that nobody had any thing to say to me; but I own I was somewhat amazed at the almost universal silence around me. Gregarious without being sociable, no one seemed to know their next neighbour. Having endured this standing penance till my strength and patience were exhausted, I ventured at last to take a French leave;—which I found, to

my cost, that I might have done at an earlier period, without any violation of etiquette. For as I was searching in vain for my hat at the bottom of the stairs, a servant came to my assistance, asking, "What sort of a hat was your's, Sir?" "Quite a new one," replied I. "Ah, Sir, then," said he, "you had better take your choice at once of those that are left, for all the *new* hats have been gone, at least, these two hours."

Breakfasting the next morning with my friend * * *, who is reckoned one of the best *diners-out*, and the pleasantest *party-man* in town, I poured out the full measure of my spleen, on describing the scene of the preceding night. "Why, all that," said he, "may be very true; and yet, when once entangled in the vortex of fashion, you would find it difficult to escape, even though every day's experience should tend to impress you more strongly with your present conviction. This, I confess, has been my own case for some time. Almost in spite of myself, I am carried round and round the same dull circle of invitations. Let in every where, and cared-for no where, I feel that no one is estimated according to his real merits, but only according to the station he may happen to occupy in the calendar of fashion. It is fashion which stamps a man's value and gives him currency, and to be the fashion, he must be either new or notorious. As long as novelty or notoriety last, he will, in the slang phraseology of the day, continue to be a *lion*; and no lady will think her party complete without him; but when these attractions are worn off, he must give place to the next nine-day wonder of the town, and be content to sink into the number of those whose attendance is less sought than permitted." "But you, my dear * * *," said I, "you cannot surely be afraid of ever sinking into the shadow of an eclipse." "Oh, yes," answered he, "my hour must come at last." "And what then?" asked I. "What then?" said he, "why then,

Explebo numerum reddarque tenebris!"

"But pray tell me, * * *," said I, "you who know so well the art of pleasing, let me beg you to give me a lesson. I want to know how to

behave myself at these parties. I would fain make myself agreeable if I knew how, and I cannot be content to follow the example of the silent stagers who surrounded me last night." "Nothing in the world is more simple," said he; "you shall hear the account of my own *debut*, and then judge for yourself. I have endeavoured to explain to you, that in the world of fashion nothing is valued for its own sake. A man is invited out, as I told you before, not for the *pleasure* that his company affords, but for the *credit* which his company confers. Acting upon this maxim, I took care to inform myself, on the evening of my first party, what other assemblies were held on the same night, and boldly fixing upon the modish Lady ****'s masquerade, I resolved to have it supposed that I was one of the privileged swarm attendant upon the Queen-bee of fashion. Accordingly all I said to any body was, "How d'ye do, I hope you are very well, Are you going to Lady ****'s to-night?" The general answer was in the negative, with the addition of a similar inquiry addressed to me: to which I answered—"Perhaps I may drop in by and by." I dare say I uttered the same formula a hundred times, and upon the capital of this single phrase—"How d'ye do, I hope you are very well, Are you going to Lady ****'s to-night?" I was immediately set down for one of the most polite, agreeable, witty, well-bred young men about town; I sowed winter-cards, and reaped spring-dinners, and invitations flocked in upon me from all quarters; so you see what a queer thing fame is."

Some time after this conversation with * * *, I received a card of invitation to a ball and supper at the Argyle Rooms, which displayed a splendid scene of luxury and magnificence. It was impossible not to do homage to the blaze of British beauty that shone forth on all sides; though perhaps I saw nothing that might not have been surpassed at New York, except in some few particulars where the superiority was rather due to the milliner and the dancing-master.

We espied * * * among the dancers, his cravat fashionably starched, his waist tightly screwed; in short, the same Lothario, gallant

and gay as ever. He soon joined our party. "So," said he, "I find in spite of your preaching you cannot keep out of the vortex." "Why," said I, "I was persuaded to come, thinking that, as a foreigner, I ought to see one of your best balls, among the rest of your national curiosities." "How lightly you seem to think," said he, "of the honour conferred upon you by the invitation. It is well you are not to settle in London, for you would certainly never get on in the world. Little do you think of the pains and patience, the wriggling, and creeping, and crawling, that are often used, and used in vain, to gain admission into the number of that self-constituted set who take the lead and give the tone to London society. I really doubt whether it would not require less interest to make you a member of parliament than a member of Almack's. It is not easy even to get a ticket to the Friday French play and ball, which is held weekly at these rooms, though this from its subordinate fashion is sarcastically entitled *The Refuge for the Destitute*;—nor should you be insensible to the honour conferred upon you to-night. Of the seven hundred people now that you see here, how many do you suppose are asked by the lady in whose house and at whose expense the entertainment is given?" "How many?" said I, "surely I don't understand your question. Who else should ask them?" "Let me explain this matter," said he, "and then you will perceive how useful it is to a foreign traveller to have a native interpreter at his elbow, on all occasions, to enable him to penetrate beneath the surface; else he will only see the puppets playing, without any suspicion of the secret strings which really regulate their motions. You have perhaps already discovered that in England few people look straight forward; in the political world some look downwards; but in the fashionable world *all* look upwards. The great object of the ostensible hostess of the evening, Mrs. —, has been to rise a step in the scale of society, and to get within the range of that magic circle from which she has hitherto been excluded. To accomplish her purpose, she has given this splendid gala, but she was

obliged to delegate the office of issuing invitations to four lady patronesses, who condescendingly undertook to procure the attendance of the *haut-ton*, and allowing the lady herself, as a mark of special favour, to ask *fifty* of her own friends, reserved to themselves the absolute disposal of the remaining six hundred and fifty tickets. The lady has so far gained her object, that to-morrow morning all these proud peeresses and titled dandies will leave their cards at her door, and she may be comprehended in their future invitations, but she will certainly lose the good will of her old friends, who cannot but feel offended at their present exclusion; so that, despised by her old associates, and disdained by her new acquaintance, the balance-sheet will not prove much in her favour."

"Well Jonathan," said I to myself, "things are not yet come to this pass in America;" and so wishing *** good-night, I returned home to moralize upon the vanity of human nature.

WALKS IN THE GARDEN.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

"The life and felicity of an excellent gardener is preferable to all other diversions."—*Evelyn*.

"What could I wish that I possess not here?"

Health, leisure, means to improve it, friendship, peace,

No loose or wanton, though a wandering Muse,

And constant occupation without care."
Couper.

"I do dearly love," says the young lady in the Comedy, "to see the dingy little sparrows in London hopping about from lamp-post to lamp-post."—"Talk of the rain," exclaims Mrs. Briggs, "pattering on the green leaves, and the birds chirping on the spray—give me the rain pattering on the green umbrellas, and the clink of pattens on the pavement!" Now, with due deference to these authorities, I cannot help thinking there is something very melancholy in the smoky aspect of those feathered cockneys, who are conversant with lamp-posts and the rumbling of cart-wheels, instead of the dancing green bough, and the music of the grove, or its hushing silence:—and, as to the effect of a shower in the country, I declare I do not know a more exhilarating sight, to say nothing of

its melodious sounds and refreshing odours. To me the branches of the trees always appear to stretch themselves out, and droop their leaves with an obvious sense of enjoyment, while they are fed by the renovating moisture. I have been complacently watching my shrubs and plants during this repast;—but the rain is now over, they have finished their meal, and as they have already begun with fresh spirits to dance in the breeze and glitter in the sunshine, let us sally forth to share their festivity. What a delicious fragrance gushes from the freshened grass and borders! It is the incense which the grateful earth throws up to heaven in return for its fertilising waters. Behold! here is one of the many objects which the shower has accomplished: by moistening the wings of the flying Dandelion, it has conveyed it to the earth at the very moment when it was best adapted for the reception of its seed.—

"The various modes by which seeds are dispersed, cannot fail to strike a discerning mind with admiration.—Who has not listened in a calm and sunny day to the crackling of furze bushes, caused by the explosion of their little elastic pods; or watched the down of innumerable seeds floating on the summer breeze, till they are overtaken by a shower, which, moistening their wings, stops their further flight, and at the same time accomplishes its final object, by immediately promoting the germination of each seed in the moist earth? How little are children aware, as they blow away the seeds of Dandelion, or stick burs in sport upon each other's clothes, that they are fulfilling one of the great ends of nature!" The various mechanism and contrivances for the dissemination of plants and flowers are almost inexhaustible. Some seeds are provided with a plume like a shuttlecock, which, rendering them buoyant, enables them to fly over lakes and deserts, in which manner they have been known to travel fifty miles from their native spot. Others are dispersed by animals, some attaching themselves to their hair or feathers by a gluten, as Mistletoe; others by hooks, as Burdock and Hounds-tongue; and others are swallowed whole, for the sake of the fruit, and

* Smith's Introduction to Botany, p. 302.

voided uninjured, as the Hawthorn, Juniper, and some grasses. Other seeds again disperse themselves by means of an elastic seed-vessel, as Oats and Geranium; and the seeds of aquatic plants, and those which grow on the banks of rivers, are carried many miles by the currents into which they fall. The seeds of *Tillandsia**, which grows on the branches of trees like Mistletoe, are furnished with many long threads on their crowns, which, as they are driven forwards by the winds, wrap round the arms of trees, and thus hold them fast till they vegetate. When the seeds of the *Cyclamen* are ripe, the flower-stalk gradually twists itself spirally downwards till it touches the ground, and forcibly penetrating the earth, lodges its seeds, which are thought to receive nourishment from the parent root, as they are said not to be made to grow in any other situation. The subterraneous *Trefoil* has recourse to a similar expedient, which however may be only an attempt to conceal its seeds from the ravages of birds; while the *Trifolium Globosum* adopts a still more singular contrivance: its lower florets only have corols, and are fertile; the upper ones wither into a kind of wool, and, forming a head, completely conceal the fertile calyxes. But the most curious arrangement for vegetable locomotion, is to be found in the awn or beard of barley, which, like the teeth of a saw, are all turned towards one end of it: as this long awn lies upon the ground, it extends itself in the moist air of night, and pushes forward the barley-corn which it adheres to; in the day it shortens as it dries, and as these points prevent it from receding, it draws up its pointed end, and thus, creeping like a worm, will travel many feet from its parent stem. The late Mr. Edgeworth constructed a wooden creeping hygrometer upon this principle, which expanding in moist weather, and contracting itself when it was dry, in a month or two walked across the room, which it inhabited.

If Nature have been thus ingenious in providing for the dispersion of seeds, she has not been less provident in her arrangements for procuring a prolific and inexhaustible supply. Her great leading princi-

* Darwin's Loves of the Plants, Cautel.

ple seems to be eternal destruction and reproduction, which one of our essayists tells us may be simplified into the following concise order to all her children, "eat and be eaten." She has been not less prodigal in the seeds of plants than in the spawn of fish; as almost any one plant, if all its seeds should grow to maturity, would in a few years alone people the terrestrial globe. The seeds of one Sunflower amount to 4000; Poppy has 32,000. Mr. Ray asserts that 1012 seeds of Tobacco weighed only one grain, and that thus calculated, they amounted in one plant to 360,000; and he supposes the seeds of the Ferns to exceed a million on a leaf! Nor does this exuberance seem necessary to counteract their small tenacity of life, for, on the contrary, the vital principle in seeds is generally preserved with a remarkable vigour. Great degrees of heat, short of boiling, do not impair their vegetative power, nor do we know any degree of cold which has such an effect. They may be sent round the world, exposed to every variety of climate, without injury; and even when buried for ages deep in the ground, they retain their vitality, although they will not germinate, apparently from the want of some action of the air, as it has been ascertained by repeated experiments that seeds planted in the exhausted receiver of an air-pump will not vegetate. The earth thrown up from the deepest wells, although all possible access of fresh seeds be carefully excluded, will, upon exposure to the air, shoot forth weeds, grasses, and wild flowers, whose seeds must have lain dormant for many centuries; and it is very common, upon digging deeper than usual in gardeners' grounds, to recover varieties of flowers which had long been lost.

Observe in this beautiful double Dahlia how highly nature may be improved, all double flowers being produced by cultivation, although their reproductive powers are frequently lost in the process, whence they have been termed by botanists vegetable monsters. This operation is effected in various ways: in some the petals are multiplied three or four times, without excluding the stamens, whence they are able to produce seeds, as in *Campanula* and *Stramonium*; but in others the petals become so numerous, as totally

to exclude the stamens, and these are, of course, unproductive. In some the nectaries are sacrificed for the formation of petals, as in *Larkspur*; while in others the nectaries are multiplied to the exclusion of the petals, as in *Columbine*.

"Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too,"

sings Cowper; and ours, humble as it is, may afford us some instruction, as we sit and contemplate its ever-green inhabitants, filling their little amphitheatre in due succession of rank and dignity.

—"Foreigners from many lands,
They form one social shade, as if convened
By magic summons of the Orphean lyre."

These Vine-leaves, which were suspended yesterday by a thread with their under-surfaces turned towards the windows, have already recovered their natural position, although detached from the stem; whence we not only learn that light acts beneficially upon the upper surface, and injuriously upon the under side of leaves, but we have proof that the turning is effected by an impression made upon the leaf itself, and not upon the foot stalk. Fruit trees on the opposite sides of a wall invariably turn their leaves from the wall in search of light, which seems to have a positive attraction for them, exclusive of any accompanying warmth; for plants in a hot-house present the fronts of their leaves, and even incline their branches to the quarter where there is most light, not to that where most air is admitted, nor to the flue in search of heat. Light gives the green colour to leaves; for plants raised in darkness are of a sickly white, of which the common practice of blanching Celery in gardens, by covering it up with earth, is a proof under every one's observation. By experiments made with coloured glasses, through which light was admitted, it appears that plants become paler in proportion as the glass approaches nearer to violet.

This annual *Mesembryanthemum* would have afforded us another illustration of the extraordinary provisions of Nature for the dispersion of seed. It is a native of the sandy deserts of Africa, and its seed vessels only open in rainy weather, otherwise the seeds in that country

might lie long exposed before they met with sufficient moisture to vegetate. Succulent plants, which possess more moisture in proportion as the soil which they are destined to inhabit is parched and sunny, attain that apparently contradictory quality by the great facility with which they imbibe, and their being almost totally free from perspiration, which in plants of other latitudes is sometimes excessive. According to Dr. Hales, the large annual Sunflower perspires about seventeen times as fast as the ordinary insensible perspiration of the human skin; and the quantity of fluid which evaporates from the leaves of the Cornelian Cherry in the course of twenty-four hours, is said to be nearly equal to twice the weight of the whole shrub. Sometimes, from a sudden condensation of their insensible evaporation, drops of clear water will, even in England, in hot calm weather, fall from groves of Poplar or Willow, like a slight shower of rain. Ovid has made a poetical use of this exudation from Lombardy Poplars, which he supposes to be the tears of Phaeton's sisters, who were transformed into those trees.

How utterly vain and insignificant appear all the alembics and laboratories of chemists and experimental philosophers when compared with the innumerable, exquisite, and unfathomable processes which Nature in silence, and without effort, is at this instant elaborating within the precincts of our little garden! From the same mysterious earth, planted in the same plot, her inscrutable powers will not only concoct various flowers utterly dissimilar in form, odour, colours, and properties, some perhaps containing a deadly poison, others a salutary medicine; but she will even sometimes combine all these discordant secretions in the same plant. The gum of the Peach tree, for instance, is mild and mucilaginous. The bark, leaves, and flowers abound with a bitter secretion of a purgative and rather dangerous quality. The fruit is replete not only with acid, mucilage, and sugar, but with its own peculiar aromatic and highly volatile secretion, elaborated within itself, on which its fine flavour depends. How far are we still from understanding the whole anatomi-

my of the vegetable body, which can create and keep separate such distinct and discordant substances!* Iron has been detected in roses, and is supposed to be largely produced by vegetable decomposition from the chalybeate quality and ochrous deposit of waters flowing from morasses; and it is well ascertained that pure flint is secreted in the hollow stem of the bamboo, in the cuticle of various grasses, in the cane, and in the rough horsetail, in which latter it is very copious, and so disposed as to make a natural file, for which purpose it is used in our manufactures. What a contrast, exclaims the same ingenious botanist, to whom we have been so largely indebted, between this secretion of the tender vegetable frame, and those exhalations which constitute the perfume of flowers! One is among the most permanent substances in nature, an ingredient in the primæval mountains of the globe; the other the invisible, intangible breath of a moment!

Among the innumerable advantages to be derived from a knowledge of botany, however slight, may be mentioned the perpetual amusement which it affords in scenes which to others might be only productive of ennui; the impressions of pure natural religion which it awakens, and the lofty and ennobling sentiments by which they are invariably associated. Nor do we need for this purpose the garden's artificial embellishments, as the same sensations may be excited, even in a more striking degree, amid the most desolate scenes.—

Nature in every form is lovely still.
I can admire to ecstasy although
I be not bower'd in a rustling grove,
Tracing through flowery tufts some
twinkling rill,
Or perch'd upon a green and sunny hill,
Gazing upon the sylvanry below,
And barking to the warbling beaks
above.
To me the wilderness of thorns and brambles
Beneath whose weeds the muddy runnel
scrambles—
The bald, burnt moor—the marsh's sedgy shallows,
Where docks, bullrushes, waterlags,
and mallows
Choke the rank waste, alike can yield
delight.

* Smith's introduction to Botany.

A blade of silver hair-grass nodding slowly
In the soft wind;—the thistle's purple crown,
The ferns, the rushes tall, and mosses lowly,
A thorn, a weed, an insect, or a stone,
Can thrill me with sensations exquisite;
For all are exquisite, and every part
points to the mighty hand that fashion'd it.
Then as I look aloft with yearning heart,
The trees and mountains, like conductors raise
My spirit upward on its flight sublime,
And clouds, and sun, and heaven's mar-morean floor,
Are but the stepping stones by which I climb
Up to the dread Invisible, to pour
My grateful feelings out in silent praise.
When the soul shakes her wings, how soon we fly
From earth to th' empyrean heights, and tie
The Thunderer to the tendril of a weed.
H.

PERCY ANECDOTES.

YOUTH.

John Ludwig.

It is not a little remarkable, that John Ludwig, the Saxon peasant, was dismissed from school when he was a child, after four years ineffectual struggle to teach him the common rules of arithmetic. He spent several subsequent years in common country labour; but at length an accidental circumstance roused his ambition, and he became expert in all the common rules, and mastered vulgar fractions by the help of an old school book, in the course of a single year. He afterwards taught himself geometry, and raised himself, by the force of his abilities and perseverance, from obscurity to fame.

Dominichino.

The fellow pupils of this great painter used in a sarcastical way to call him *the Ox*, on account of his extraordinarily laborious habits; but the prophecy of his master, Annibal Caracci, proved true of him afterwards: 'That the *Ox*, by his labour, would make his ground so rich, that painting would be fed by what it produced.'

Ingenious Curiosity.

Two boys chanced in a vacant hour to stray into the kitchen of a public house. They found a large blazing fire, and a box containing, as appeared by the inscription, a Welch fairy, but no living creature besides. The boys, eager to view the dwarf, but by no means willing, or perhaps able to pay for the sight, began to consult how they should contrive to get her out. Had they possessed the strength and agility of Phædrus' eagle,

they would probably have taken *his* method of opening inclosures. But they had no wings. The lock, too, being on the inside, they could not force the door; what could they do? They hit on a stratagem, which might have done honour to Polyænus. By joint efforts of strength, they moved the box so very near the fire, that the dwarf, from the increased heat, was obliged to open the door, and favour them gratis with her wished-for presence.

Boy and Highwayman.

A boy having sold a cow at the fair at Hereford, in the year 1766, he was waylaid by a highwayman, who, at a convenient place, demanded the money; on this the boy took to his heels and ran away; but being overtaken by the highwayman, who dismounted, he pulled the money out of his pocket and strewed it about, and while the highwayman was picking it up, the boy jumped upon the horse and rode home. Upon searching the saddle bags, there were found twelve pounds in cash, and two loaded pistols.

An Apt Version.

The late Dr. Adam, rector of the Grammar School, Edinburgh, was supposed by his scholars to exercise a strong partiality for such as were of patrician descent; and on one occasion was very smartly reminded of it by a boy of mean parentage, whom he was reprehending rather severely for his ignorance—much more so than the boy thought he would have done, had he been the son of a *right honourable*, or even of a plain Bailie Jarvie. 'You dunce!' exclaimed the rector, 'I don't think you can even translate the motto of your own native place, of the gude town of Edinburgh. What, Sir, does *Nisi Dominus frustra* mean?' 'It means, Sir,' rejoined the boy smartly, 'that unless we are lord's sons, we need not come here.'

Brotherly Love.

A little boy seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, inquired of his elder brother what they were doing. 'They are quarrelling,' was the answer. 'No,' replied the child, 'that cannot be; they are brothers.'

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY JAMES MAXWELL,

Corner of Fourth and Walnut-streets

AT SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable on the first of June

Single numbers 12 1-2 cents.

Subscribers who are desirous of obtaining the Literary Gazette monthly, will be supplied with 4 numbers on the first of each month, stitched in covers.